

thou invincible! Thou driest up the heart; thou makest it hard, callous, and impenetrable! I will not, however, neglect my best endeavours. What a triumph, to snatch a young man from such a vice!

Some days after, Doriman thought proper to pay another visit to his uncle. It is necessary that I should humour him, said he, or he may deprive me of succession to his estate. As he is a man that pretends to noble sentiments, and is a dupe to his own imagination, he may, perhaps, have the folly to bequeath his fortune to the poor. His mind is become tainted with the number of books he has read in favour of generosity, charity, and hospitality; and, I believe, he had even attempted to scribble upon those subjects himself; he too runs after the bubble reputation. He and I have had a little altercation, but that was trifling, temporary, and transitory; and ought, by this time, to be effaced from the memory: I am not in the least offended at what he has said: he loves sermonizing, let him indulge himself, it will do me no injury.

When he arrived at his uncle's house, he found him engaged in counting a large sum of money, which he had just received: the eyes of Doriman were fastened with the sight. He sat himself down in a corner, that he might not interrupt a business which he thought the most

most serious and important in life. said he to himself, is all this cash just at this time? Perhaps my uncle will make me a present to make me generous. He was, however, greatly in his conjecture.

Strephon, having counted his the bell. A man was introduced parallel, and of an age pretty far. He entered with a dejected air; faint painted in his countenance, which the affliction of his heart. Strephon met him, took him by the hand in a low voice, Sir, I am happy in my power to oblige you; excuse have made you wait; I had not in so much money as you require obliged to send and borrow it of hope it has not arrived too late.

Ah! Sir, replied the stranger, (his gratitude flowing from his eyes) not the value of the benefit which conferred upon me! you know not situation to which I was reduced presumed to write to you; shame detained my pen; I had no claim generosity. You commiserated me merely from knowing that I was a wretched father. May that God, who is ever open to behold the action kind, reward and recompense you